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Newark. Ohio.

December 1914

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EDITORIAL

At this time of year when the word "debate" is heard on every side, a smile comes on every face and the Freshmen shiver with apprehension. This shiver is sometimes called school spirit and that is what we want badly in old N. H. S. The defeat of last year seems to have disheartened all of the possible applicants for a place on the team. But that is the greatest reason to come out and fight for a place on our debating team. Let us not sit quietly and let our coach wear himself out trying to get candidates for the team. Let us not go through N. H. S. and have people say that we did no good for the school while we were there. Get up, let somebody else wake you up or come to the realization that you are a pupil of Newark High and get your fighting togs on and work for the good of the school and not only for the good of the school but for your own good as well. The practice of public speaking is extensively required by men who start out in this world to make anything at all out of themselves. It is our duty to get out and dig in and boost for anything and everything that is for the betterment of the school. Come out for the debating team. You may not make the team but it will be the practical experience of public speaking that you will be glad of when you get out into the world. Our motto is Boost, Boost, Boost; if you can't boost get out of the way and let some one else try.

The standing of a school is represented in part by its school spirit, showing for what the student body is in behalf of, whether general or personal welfare.

One of the greatest factors in school life is for each one's attitude to be of such a character as to desire to promote every phase of school life. By so doing, work becomes a more delightful task, for, since it involves the help of each one, it is the

means of making the bonds of friendship greater, and where this attitude prevails mean things in life seem to lose their fancy and with the new liking we look upon the better side of all mankind.

We see school spirit in the ball games, in those who endeavor to do a most important part of school work—the debate, in the literary societies, but the best place of all to see school spirit is in the classroom where it is shown by our manners, our lessons, and attitude in general whether we are trying to do what genuine school spirit directs.

What seems to be the matter with the spirit of this school? Have we lapsed into a state of coma? It is without doubt that our school spirit has rapidly degenerated since the glorious days of Keckley and Dugg. Is it because we cannot support a team that does not win as in the balmy days of 1912? This matter should come up for our earnest and serious consideration. Why, even Utica has twice, yes three times as much spirit as Newark High. At the game in Mt. Vernon although it was pouring down rain almost the entire game there was fully twenty-five girls and one hundred fellows out. At the Zanesville game the bunch of rooters who accompanied the team outnumbered the Newark bunch easily.

Now, with the basketball season approaching, let us get some "pep" and support the teams, not only by our yells, but by our money as well.

Nothing has been done towards the minstrel. Mr. Klopp, however, says it will be bigger and better than ever. It will be given during the month of March. All of the boys are trying their best to get in the minstrel. Room 11 is full every Monday night after school. Several Carusos are in immediate development; however, let's hope for the best.



A wise old owl sat on an oak;
The more he heard the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard;
Why are not we more like that bird.

Les Trois Messes Basses

(The Three Low Masses)

(From the French) by Alphonse Daudet.

Chapter I.

"Two turkeys stuffed with truffles, Garrigon?"

"Yes, my reverend, two turkeys stuffed with truffles. I know something about them since it was I who helped stuff them. One would say that their skin would crack in the roasting, it is so tight—"

"Jumping Jupiter! I certainly do like truffles. Get me my surplice quickly, Garrigon. In general, what else have they in the kitchen?"

"Oh, all sorts of things, since only at noon we plucked the pheasants, lap wigs, hazel-hens and the grouse. Their feathers flew everywhere. And they have procured from the pond, eels, gold carp, trout and—"

"How large are the trout, Garrigon?"

"As large as that, my reverend—enormous."

"My Goodness, it seems to me I can see them now. Have you put the wine in the decanter?"

"Yes, my reverend, I have put the wine in the decanters. But really it is not to be compared with that which you will drink after the midnight mass. If you could see in the dining room of the chateau, all the decanters sparkling with wine of all colors and the silverware and especially the centerpiece, the flowers and the candelabra. Never will such a Christmas Eve revel be seen. Monsieur the Marquis, has invited all the lords of the vicinity. You will have at least forty at the table, without counting the bailiff or the notary. Oh, you are very lucky to be one of them, my reverend. Only to have smelled the turkeys, the odor of the truffles follows me everywhere. Um! Um!"

"Well! well, my child, let us guard ourselves from the sin of gluttony, especially on the night of the nativity. Go quickly and light the candles and ring the first call to mass for midnight is approaching and we must not be late."

This conversation took place one Christmas Eve, in the year of grace sixteen hundred and something, between the Reverend Balaguere, an ancient priest of the Barnabites, now the chaplain of the squires of Trinquelage, and his clerk, Garrigon, or at least the one whom he thought to be the clerk Garrigon, for you know the devil, this evening, had taken the round face and doubtful habits of this young clerk to better induce the reverend father to temptation and to make him commit the terrible sin of gluttony. Then, while the so-called Garrigon was going to ring the bells of the lordly chapel, the reverend father finished putting on his chasuble in the little vestry room of the chapel; with his mind already confused by all these gastronomic descriptions, he kept repeating to himself, while dressing:

"Roast turkeys, gold carp—trout as large as that!"

Outside the night wind blew scattering the music of the bells, and one by one the lights appeared in the darkness, upon the sides of Mount Ventoux, at the top of which the towers of Trinquelage rose. Families of farmers were coming to hear the midnight mass at the chateau. In groups of five or six, they climbed the mountain singing, the father going ahead, lantern in hand. The women were wrapped in large brown capes, under which the children huddled and sheltered themselves. In spite of the hour and the

cold all these worthy people marched joyfully upward supported by the belief, that, as in former years, food awaited them in the kitchen. (From time to time on the rugged heights, the carriage of a lord could be seen preceded by torch-bearers, the coach windows shining in the clear light of the moon; or a mule trotted by with its bells joyfully ringing, and by the glimmer of the lanterns enveloped in fog, the farmers recognized their bailiff and saluted him in passing: "Good evening, good evening, Master Amoton." "Good evening, good evening, my children)."

The night was clear and the stars shone bright in the cold; the north wind was stinging and a fine sleet falling on the garments of the people without wetting them, kept faithfully the tradition of "Christmas white with snow." High above, the chateau appeared as a goal with its great mass of towers and gables; (the belfry of the chapel appeared black against the blue sky and a multitude of blinking lights came and went, swinging in all the windows, and resembled at the gloomy bottom of the edifice, sparks running in the ashes of burnt paper).

After passing the drawbridge and the postern gate, it was necessary, in order to get to the chapel, to pass through the first court full of carriages and footmen and stools for them, all clearly visible in the lights from the torches and the kitchen. One could hear the creaking of the turn spit, the crash of the pans, and the clicking of the glassware and silverware moved in the preparation of the meal. An odor arose of the roast meat, and of the strong herbs of many kinds of sauces, which caused the farmers, the chaplain, the bailiff, and everybody to say: "What a good Christmas revel we are going to have after the service."

Chapter II.

Tinkle! tinkle! Tinkle! tinkle!

Midnight mass commences. The chapel of the chateau is a miniature cathedral with groined arches and oak wainscoting rising to the walls, and hangings and lighted candles. What a world! What gorgeous dresses! Here, in the principal place seated in the carved pews, which inclose the choir, is the lord of Trinquelage dressed in salmon colored taffeta and near him all the invited nobles. Opposite on the prie-Dieux of tufted velvet is the old dowager marchoness, in her dress of fire-colored brocade, and the young lady of Trinquelage, with a high head dress of

fluted lace, after the latest style of the court of France. Lower you could see, dressed in black, with large wigs and smooth faces, the bailiff and Thomas Arnoton and the notary, Master Ambroy, two grave personages amid gaudy silks and figured damask. Then comes the fat majors, the pages, the grooms, the stewards, Lady Barbe with all the keys hanging at her side on the key ring of choice silver. At the back, on the benches, the servants and the farmers with their families, and finally away back, clear against the doors which they half opened and closed again discreetly, are my lords the scullions, who come in between the two sauces to take a little peek at the mass and to bring with them an odor of revelry into the church all decorated and warm from the lighted candles. Is it the sight of these little white cardinal caps which distracts the officiating priest? Is it not rather the little bell of Garrigon, that enraged little bell which swings at the foot of the altar with hellish haste, and seems to say all the time: "Hurry! Hurry!" "The sooner we are finished, the sooner we will eat."

The fact is that each time it rings, that little bell of the demon, the chaplain forgets his mass and thinks only of the Christmas revel. He imagines the cooks in an uproar, the stoves in which great fires burn, the steam which rises from half opened lids and in this steam two great turkeys stuffed tender, mottled with truffles—still again he sees the files of pages pass carrying the dishes enveloped with tempting vapors, and with them he (in imagination) enters into the great dining room already prepared for the feast. Oh delicious! There is the table all loaded and blazing with peacocks adorned with their plumage; pheasants spreading their reddish-brown wings, the flasks the color of rubies, the fruits, etc., etc. So clear is the vision of these marvels, that it seems to Balaguere that all these wonderful dishes are served before him on the embroideries of the altar-cloth and two or three times instead of "Dominus Vobiscum" he barely keeps himself from saying "Benedicite." Aside from these slight errors, the worthy man performs his duty very conscientiously, without passing over a line or omitting a germflexion; and the whole goes very well up to the end of first mass, for you know that on Christmas Eve the same officiating priest must solemnize three consecutive masses.

"One finished," the chaplain says to himself with a sigh of relief; then without losing a minute, he makes a motion to his clerk or the one whom he believes to be the clerk, and—

Tinkle tinkle! Tinkle tinkle!

The second mass commences and with it also commences the sin of Ballequere.

"Hurry, hurry," cries to him with its shrill little voice the bell of Garrigon and this time the unfortunate priest given up to the demon of gluttony, throws himself on the mass book and devours the pages with the greediness of his over-excited appetite. Frantically he bows himself and rises, makes the sign of the cross and the kneelings; he shortens all his gestures so as to finish sooner. Scarcely did he stretch his arms to the Evangile, and strike his chest to the Confiteor. Between the clerk and himself it is a question as to who will jabber the faster. The verses and replies mingle and tumble over each other. The words, half pronounced without opening his mouth, which would take too much time, are finished in incomprehensible murmurs.

Oremus—ps—ps—ps—

Mea culpa—pa—pa—

Dom—scum—says Balaquere—Stutuo—responds Garrigon; and all the time that cursed little bell is there ringing in their ears as those little bells which are placed on stage horses to make them go faster. Do you think at this rate that the low mass was quickly performed?

"And two finished," says the chaplain all out of breath; then without taking time to breathe, red and perspiring, he leaps the steps of the altar and—

Tinkle tinkle! Tinkle tinkle!

The third mass begins. There are only a few more steps in order to reach the dining room; but alas! as the revel approaches the unfortunate Balaquere feels the craze of impatience and gluttony takes possession of him. His vision accentuates itself, the gold carp, the roast turkeys are there. He touches them. Good heavens! The dishes steam, the wines smell sweet, and shaking its mad little clapper, the little melle cries to him:

"Quick, quick, still more quickly!"

But how can he go more quickly? His lips scarcely more. He no longer pronounces the words—unless to trick the good Lord entirely and to cheat him out of his mass. And that is just what he does, that unfortunate one. From temptation to temptation, he commences by skipping one verse, then two. Then the epistle is too long, he does not finish it, he skims over the Evangile, passes before the "Credo" without saying it, skips the "Pater," hails from afar the Preface; and by bounds and dashes he rushes into eternal damnation always followed by the infamous Garrigon, who assists him with marvelous skill, who lightens him of his chasuble, turns the pages two by two, overturns the vases, and without ceasing shakes the little bell harder and harder, faster and faster.

It is necessary to see the scared faces which all those present wear! Obligated to follow the mimicry of the priest, this mass of which they do not understand a word, when others are kneeling, some when others are standing; and all phases of this singular office are confused on their benches in a multitude of different postures. The Christmas star in its path in the sky over there towards the stable, pales with fright on seeing this confusion.

"The abbot goes too fast. One cannot follow him," murmurs the old dowager arranging her disordered head dress.

Master Arnoton, his large steel glasses on his nose, hunts in his prayer-book where the deuce he is. But in the back of the good people who also are thinking of the revel are not offended that the mass goes at post haste; and when Balaquere turns his beaming face towards the audience and cries out with all his strength. "Ite messa est," there is only one voice in the chapel to answer him "Deo gratias," so joyously, that one would think himself already at the table for the first toast of the revel.

(To be continued).

M. E. R., '15.

D. E. M., '15.

AUNT PHEONEY'S PLAGUE

Aunt Phroney lived away out West in a little village called Thaxter. It was entirely too small to have its name printed on any but a county map and almost too far away from every place to know that such an article existed to torture little boys and girls. True it had a court house, surrounded by a spacious yard, but even a court house does not make a big city, though Thaxter prided herself upon having one. Besides this, there was a church where once every week the good people gathered for their Sunday nap; a postoffice, to which Sam Parkins shambled up once-in-so-often with the mail from Antioch, a village which accidentally had grown up in a spot past which the railroad was forced to lay its tracks, a store where one was likely to get dry goods and groceries done up in the same packages, if he ordered both in one day; a schoolhouse where even in our advanced age the children were taught only the old branches, the inevitable three R.'s; and eleven houses, one of which belonged to Aunt Phroney.

Now I had never seen Aunt Phroney, because she had married and moved to Thaxter, long before I was born, but I had heard much about her, and had seen her picture in an old album at home.

Her husband had been sent West as a Missionary, and thus it came about that she left the civilized East, and when my uncle died she had still stayed among the people, whose simple ways she had learned to love.

For several years she had written to mother and begged that I might visit her. For a long time mother refused to let me go, but finally when Aunt Phroney coaxed very persistently in her letters, and I in our own living room, she consented.

My trip across the country was much as any such trip usually is. After three days of looking out of car windows I arrived in the wonderful city of Antioch which I have before mentioned.

A long lank fellow with an uncertain hair cut, sidled up to me, and after several acrobatic feats which I afterward learned were what he considered a stylish and totally respectful bow, asked if I were the little lady whom Phroney Wetherby had requested him to meet. I replied

that I was to go to Aunt Phorney's with the mail man, at which he mumbled something about having the honor of holding that high position, and started off, I suppose, to bring his buggy around to the station platform. Imagine my surprise when a few minutes later he appeared leading a mule of almost indescribable appearance, and offered to help me climb onto the pillion which was attached to his saddle, for it was there that I was to ride from Antioch to Thaxter—twelve long miles. I dared not refuse, for if I had the poor fellow would have been offended, and I should have had to walk; but I am afraid that it was not in a very gracious manner that I thanked him for helping me up.

We rode for some time in silence, Sam reading the post-cards that chanced to be in the mail, and I feeling indignant that Aunt Phroney, or Fate, I know not which, had imposed this method of travel upon me.

Suddenly the mule balked, and no coaxing on the part of Sam would make her budge an inch. "Well," he drawled, "I guess I'll have to whip her a little. She may side step some but you just hold onto me real tight and you won't fall off."

I should far rather have been thrown off, but remembering how heart-broken my friends at home would be when they would learn of my death, I "took hold" with such a savageness that to this day, I imagine, Sam Parkins must wear black and blue finger prints.

Then the whipping began, and the mule after doing several figures of the minuet, just to get limbered up, began on the sailor's hornpipe. This completed, we went down the road at a gallop, raising such a cloud of dust that I surely think everyone for miles around must have thought a sandstorm was coming.

The jolting must have shaken my sense of humor into action for I laughed until Sam Parkins was honestly scared. He was afraid that I had been so frightened that my mind had been affected, and when, after I had sobered down, he told me so, I began again harder than before, and to this day I haven't gotten over it; but just shake all over, like some dear fat old grandpa, whenever anyone by the

name of Sam is mentioned or a wandering mule passes my door.

It was growing dark when we at last reached Thaxter, where Aunt Phronev was at the gate watching for us. I assure you I rejoiced and was exceedingly glad when I slid down from my pillion and my dashing courtier handed my traveling bag and a newspaper to Aunt Phronev. My trunk was to be brought the next day.

We had a delicious little supper, after which I begged that Aunt Phronev let me wash the dishes while she read the paper.

"That would be nice, dear," she said, "why I haven't had anyone 'to do' my dishes for ten years." So I began that plebeian task for once with joy in my heart for I thought that I was giving some one a good time; but evidently it was just the opposite, for when I went into the little parlor a half an hour later, I found Aunt Phronev looking pale and weak.

"Are you sick?" I asked with no little anxiety.

Aunt Phronev did not answer, she only handed me the newspaper; there spread over the front page I found this warning:

Beware! Beware! Beware!

The Wolverin Outlaws have again returned into these parts after an absence of ten years. They are plundering and burning all villages, and killing all persons who show any resistance.

They will reach Thaxter about Sunday (it was now Saturday night), will gain Antioch Monday or Tuesday.

The governor has ordered out troops, but they cannot reach here before Tuesday morning.

Banbury and Trenton are blotted out of existence, and no trace of the inhabitants can be found.

The only safety is in flight.

Fly! Fly! Fly!

Then followed a description of these outlaws and of their bloody raid of ten years before; but I read no more. "What shall we do, Aunt Phronev?" I exclaimed.

The old lady sat in silence for a few moments, then suddenly the fear and perplexity vanished from her face. "Why, save the village, of course," she replied. "We must call all the people together and arrange things: I am sure I have an excellent plan."

I felt very doubtful and would gladly have left the village as many others were doing, for I could now hear people hurrying down the street toward the mountains where there was safe hiding.

Aunt Phronev heard them too, and was plainly distressed. "Ths will never do," she said, "I'll need some help."

We hurried out and tried to stop the few, who, weighed down with household furniture, were lagging behind the others; but it was worse than useless. Soon an old lady and a little girl were the only people left in Thaxter, and at least one was terribly frightened.

We stood for some minutes without speaking, then Aunt Phronev broke the silence by saying, "Well Nancy, you and I must do it all by ourselves, so we had better get to work at once."

She was determined and I saw that I must either fall in with her plan, or leave her to fight alone, and I decided that at any rate my legs felt more like falling in than running, for I was tired after my long journey.

Aunt Phronev first gathered all her valuable treasures together, and these we carried out of doors and buried under a clump of bushes.

We then returned to the house, and while I made sure that all of the windows and doors were fastened, Aunt Phronev carried down from the attic, an old black chiffon dress, and began tearing it into strips about four inches wide. I wanted to help, but she told me to sleep awhile so that I would be ready for the morrow's work.

When I awoke it was just beginning to get light. I felt very much ashamed of myself to have slept all night while Aunt Phronev had been working, but she assured me that she had soon finished her work and had slept most of the night herself, so I felt somewhat comforted.

When I went into the kitchen I found the table covered with wonderful black bows with streamers. "Why, what are they?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Crepes," answered Aunt Phronev.

"Crepes?" I echoed. "What for?"

"Why to hang on people's doors," she replied. "That's a piece of the plan. Come now, we'll go and hang them up."

So we passed through the deserted village of Thaxter, and when an hour later the sun rose it shown upon seven funeral crepes, and the houses which did not bear these emblems of sorrow tried their best to look dismal and sympathetic.

"It wouldn't do to put them on every house," Aunt Phronev had explained, "it would look too fixed up." I wondered what the 'it' was, but kept my silence.

We returned home and began watching for the outlaws. It was not a pleasant business and I assure you, that, had it not been that Aunt Phroney had so much confidence in her plan. I would have gone mountain climbing without the least possible delay.

"You might go over to Miss Sylvia's house," she said. "You can see away up the Trenton road from her back porch."

I accordingly set out for Miss Sylvia's, but before I reached her gate I heard the tramps of horses' hoofs and the rattle of wagons. Then the sound stopped suddenly, and I crouched down behind some lilac bushes, which happened to be close at hand, and waited for I knew not what.

Soon a babel of voices broke the stillness, and peering through the bushes I saw about forty men and women, some in rags, and some in good clothes, which they no doubt had stolen, turn from the Trenton road into the street of Thaxter.

They formed into ranks four abreast, and grabbing hands began a kind of weird dancing march. There were no words to the song that they yelled, and very little music, and the dance was without step, just a kind of jumping and skipping and showing into one another, but it gave me a wonderful thrill as they passed my little retreat.

In the last row of the procession I noticed a little child whom two big brawny men were pulling along, laughing all the while at her efforts to keep up. Evidently she had been kidnapped; for she did not seem at all like the others of the gang, and I shivered when I thought that probably I too, should be trying to keep up in a few days more when they made their raid in Antioch.

Then I thought of Aunt Phroney and began to cut across back yards to warn her of the arrival of the band, but there were so many fences to climb that when I reached her yard the outlaws had finished their dance and were beginning to seek spoil.

I found Aunt Phroney wearing a waist of light green satin, seated in the door of the woodshed placidly watching the ruffians trying to unfasten her front door.

"Aunt Phroney," I gasped, "run and hide or they'll see us, and that waist—O why did you put it on. It's so conspicuous."

"Why, that's the very reason," she replied. "I want to be seen."

I said no more for just then the leader of the outlaws spied us.

"Where's the key to this house?" he demanded.

"I have it here," replied Aunt Phroney promptly.

"Give it to me," snarled the man.

"Certainly," said Aunt Phroney, "if you aren't afraid to go in."

"Afraid to go in," echoed the outlaw, laughing scornfully. "What would I be afraid of?"

"Why the plague," replied Aunt Phroney, "hadn't you heard?"

"What plague?" was the astonished question.

"Why, there's an awful plague in our village; it's just carrying off things by the dozen. Didn't you see the crepe on the doors when you came through the town?"

The outlaw cast a frightened glance over his shoulder. He could see five of the seven crepes from where he stood.

"Is there anybody dead in this house?" he managed to stammer.

"No," said Aunt Phroney, "but there has been and I daresn't go in because of it. I was right with him too, and no doubt I may be taken at any time. I don't feel very well today," she added, at which the outlaw moved hastily away from her.

As the wagons jolted down the road toward Antioch, Aunt Phroney rose. "Well, Nancy," she questioned, "What do you think of my plan?"

"It certainly worked," I replied, "but it was a pretty big story."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "Why aren't those outlaws a plague and weren't they in our village carrying off things by the dozen and there have been people who died in this house and I've been with them too; and I certainly was likely to be taken by the outlaws at any time."

I laughed at my own stupidity. "Aunt Phroney," I said, "you're the brightest and bravest person I ever heard of."

We then went to hunt up the little stranger girl, and while Aunt Phroney was getting supper, the child told us how the outlaws had killed all of her people and kidnapped her in Banbury.

I might say here that little Celia, as the child is named, was adopted by Aunt Phroney so neither one of them will be lonesome anymore.

Thus ended the saving of the little village of Thaxter, and strange to say all the crepes were torn down and nothing more was ever carried off by Aunt Phroney's plague, for the state militia captured the whole gang of outlaws three days later.

A. B., '16.

A True Story of a Hunting Trip

On November fourteenth, nineteen-hundred and thirteen, Ray, Ralph and myself left Newark for Frazeyburg via Pennsylvania line at five p. m. for a two days' rabbit hunt near West Carlisle, twelve miles north of Frazeyburg.

We arrived in Frazeyburg at five-thirty and went to the livery barn to hire a team. Upon inquiring the condition of the roads north we were told they were passable, despite the fact that it had been snowing for the last two days.

The old surrey they gave us was a rickety affair that looked as if it had seen twenty such winters. The horses were large raw-boned animals that looked strong enough to pull three surries like the one we were going to use.

We finally got started about six-thirty with a load consisting of three suitcases, three guns, two hounds and three excited boys for that never-to-be-forgotten trip.

As I knew how to manage a team better than the other boys, having owned a horse for several years, they let me drive the first half of the way. We had not gone far until we were thankful for the size and strength of our team, as the snow for the last eight or ten hours had started to melt owing to the rise in the temperature, and in some places the road was mud half-way to the hub.

Everything went well until we were about four miles from Frazeyburg, then we started to get into the hills and anybody who has ever been in that country knows how long and steep they are. The road was built through the hills, often being cut down ten or twelve feet to grade the road, and the snow had drifted to a great height in these cuts.

I have often read stories of deep snows but I never realized what they meant until that night. The horses were straining every muscle and every step they took they sank chest deep, the dash-board of the surrey pushing the snow aside like a snow-plow; we had to pile our things on the seats and on our laps as much as possible as the snow was piling into the surrey and our feet felt as if they were frozen.

After going about seven miles it was decided that Ralph should take the lines as I was about exhausted from the strain

of pulling and jerking to keep the team in the road.

We rode along on the top of a succession of hills where the snow had not drifted to any great height and we thought we would make the rest of our journey in good time, but no such luck; as we again went lower into a valley we came upon the deepest snow that we had yet encountered and the horses struggled desperately, floundered and plunged in a frantic effort to pull the load through the drifts. In an exceptionally large drift the surrey stuck for a minute and Ralph pulled the team to the right and struck them with the whip. They leaped ahead and crash, the single-tree on the right side snapped and we were stalled.

Our feelings could not be described as we had four miles to cover before we reached our destination. We got out and unhitched the horses. What were we to do? That was the question. After sitting for a while in the surrey we decided to make the horses carry us the rest of the way; so we fastened our guns on the right rings of both harness saddles, a suitcase in the other rings. Ray said he would rather walk ten miles than ride a horse one, so Ralph and I threw the robes on the horses, clamored on their backs and with Ray bringing up the rear, with the hounds, we started on our four-mile trip.

The old saying, "It never rains but it pours," surely held good that night for it started to drizzle, and in a very short time we were drenched.

About eleven-thirty we arrived at our destination. They were kind people and gave us hot coffee, two soft beds and cared for our horses and hounds.

At six o'clock the next morning we all jumped out of bed as we heard one call at the foot of the stairs. We dressed hurriedly and ate a breakfast consisting of griddle cakes and syrup, ham, bread and butter and coffee. As soon as we had had eaten we filled our hunting coats with shells, took our guns from the cases, got the hounds from the barn and started across the hills.

It was an ideal day for a rabbit hunt; the rain had melted the snow and the bare ground could be seen everywhere. As the rabbits leave their burrows when

the snow melts, it was only a short time until the hounds gave tongue and away they went over the hills and through the vleys. Ray and I stayed together but Ralph went in another direction.

I have been on several hunting trips before and have seen places where the rabbits have been fairly plentiful, but I never saw nor ever expect to see so many at one time in my life. We were walking up a hill that was covered with fallen trees and brush piles and I do not remember of stepping on one brush pile or on one bunch of twigs that did not conceal a rabbit or two. You may realize the number when I tell you that when we reached the top of the hill we had thirty-five rabbits between us. Our guns became so hot that we were forced to roll them in the snow to keep them from exploding.

Our hunting coats became so heavy that we took out the rabbits and hid them in a corner of a stone wall and started on again.

Ralph met us in a little while and we then hunted together through a large briar patch. On one occasion the hounds drove nine out of one patch. We had counted on going back for dinner but we were so far from the house and as we did not feel hungry, we kept on hunting.

Ralph left us again about two o'clock, so Ray and I again hunted alone. Ralph always wanted to hunt across the hills while we preferred the briar patches of the lowlands. But there must be an end to all luck. To our surprise we found we had no more shells. Ray looked at his watch and found it to be three o'clock, so there being nothing else to do we started on a four-mile walk over the hills with our hunting coats filled to overflowing.

Several of the girls of the advanced German class have been very fortunate in receiving letters from school girls in Germany, girls who are studying English in the schools and who are becoming very efficient in their use of English. Formerly the girls of Germany wrote in English, to be corrected and answered in German by the girls on this side, but since the beginning of the European war, all the correspondence has been held in German, that the letters might, without difficulty, pass the strict military inspection.

We stopped at the fence and tied the rabbits we had shot in the morning in bunches and pulled them and the hunting coats down the hill to the house below.

Ralph got home about supper time and he also was loaded down.

We ate a hearty supper and being weary we all went to bed tired but happy.

The next day we again started out, every one feeling refreshed a'ter his night's repose. I was walking through a little woods on the lookout for a rabbit when all of a sudden a large brown object jumped up in front of me and as it ran away I saw it was a large fox.

We did not have as good luck that day as we did the day before and about nine o'clock Ray and I left Ralph to hunt while we went back to the house, harnessed the team, took a single-tree from a buggy at the barn and went after the surrey. Some one had pulled it out of the snow for us and as the snow was about gone owing to the change in the temperature and the warm rains of the days we had hunted, we had little difficulty in making repairs and driving back.

At noon Ralph came back with ten more rabbits, and after eating a hurried dinner, we started for Frazeyburg. The ride back was made in good time as the horses were fresh and the roads were fairly good.

When we were at the station waiting for the train, we counted our rabbits and found we had in all, ninety-three.

I sold twenty-five of mine for twenty cents each.

Everything considered, it was the most adventuresome and best hunting trip I have ever taken.

J. B., '15.

Two of these letters have related the events of the war in an interesting and entertaining fashion, and their recipients have kindly translated them for the benefit of those of us who are so unfortunate as to be unable to read the letters in their original script. The first letter was written by Anna Schwarz, who lives in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, to Mildred Woodward, while the other was written by Hildegard Kliwer, who lives in Emden, to Mary Titus.

—Editor's Note.

Frankfurt, M., 1. Oktober, 1914.

Liebe Mildred!

Vor allen Dingen mochte ich Dir zum Geburtstag gratulieren, und Dir recht viel Glück wünschen. Ich weiss nicht, wann Du diesen Brief erhaltst, denn wegen des schlechten Verkehrs dauert die Beförderung sehr lange. Ich will Dir vorläufig wegen des Krieges nur deutsch schreiben, weil sonst die Gefahr vorliegt, dass meine Briefe an Dich nicht befördert werden.

Ich schicke Dir auch zugleich eine Kriegs—Chronik mit, denn ich glaube, dass es Dich interessieren wird, was sich hier bei uns zuträgt.

Dass wir gegen grosse Mächte zu kämpfen haben, (Frankreich, England, Belgien, Russland, Japan, usw.) wirst Du wohl wissen.

Im tiefsten Frieden sind wir von den Feinden überfallen worden. Vergebens bemühte sich unser Kaiser den Streit zwischen Oesterreich und Russland wegen der Ermordung des Oesterreichischen Thronfolgers beizulegen.

Die Russen waren bis unweit Königsberg vorgezogen. Sie verurteilten auf ihrem Marsch sämtliche Städtchen und Dörfer und misshandelten die Einwohner in grausamer Weise. Dann wurden sie aber von einer deutschen Armee umzingelt und in die Massurischen Seen getrieben. Die ganze feindliche Armee wurde vernichtet, Es wurden 90,000 Russen mit sämtlichen Geschützen gefangen, und in den Seen ertranken über 120,000 Mann. Unsere Soldaten gehen jetzt weiter vor. Das Gouvernement Suwalki steht bereits unter deutscher Herrschaft.

Im Westen stehen unsere Armeen im Kampfe an der Marne und Aisne.

Aus jeder Familie sind Angehörige im Kriege. Es giebt Familien, wo der Vater und 10 Söhne im Kriege sind.

Frauen und Mädchen stricken für unsere tapferen Soldaten.

Jeden Abend finden in unseren Kirchen Kriegsbetstunden statt.

Wir erwarten täglich mit grösster Spannung die Nachrichten vom Kriegsschauplatze.

Einzelheiten kannst Du in dem Hefte lesen, welches ich Dir mitgeschickt habe.

Schreibe mir bitte ob Du meinen Brief erhalten hast.

Ich werde Dir bald wieder schreiben, liebe Mildred, und grüsse Dich und Deine Angehörigen.

Intreuer Freundschaft von
Deiner
Anna.

Frankfurt on the Main,

October 1, 1914.

Dear Mildred:—

Before everything else I wish to congratulate you on your birthday and wish you much happiness. I do not know when you will receive this letter for on account of the poor transportation it takes a long time for letters to go. On account of the war, I shall write to you only in German, because otherwise there is danger that my letter may not be forwarded.

I also send you a war chronicle, for I believe that what is happening with us here will interest you.

As you already know, we have been fighting against many great nations—France, England, Belgium, Russia, Japan and so forth.

When at peace we were suddenly attacked by enemies. In vain, our Kaiser endeavored to evade the combat between Austria and Russia on account of the murder of the successor to the Austrian throne.

The Russians had pressed forward until not far from Königsburg. They ruined many cities and villages on their march, and mistreated the inhabitants in a most cruel manner. Then they were, however, surrounded by a German army and driven into the Masurian lakes. The whole army of the enemy was wiped out. There were ninety thousand Russians captured, with their cannons, and over one hundred and twenty thousand men were drowned in the lakes. Our soldiers continue to make progress. The government of Suwalki is already under German rule.

Our armies are now fighting in the west on the Marne and Aisne.

There are kinsmen from every family in the war. In some families the father and ten sons are in the war.

Women and girls knit for our brave soldiers.

Every evening there are hours of prayer for the success of our army in all of the churches.

We await daily with the greatest suspense, news from the battlefield.

You can read the particulars in the book, which I have sent to you.

Please let me know if you receive my letter.

I shall write to you again soon, dear Mildred, and send my regards to you and your relatives.

In true friendship from

Your
Anna.

—M. B. W., '15.



HERE AND THERE



Recently Miss Clark, the Domestic Science teacher, visited the West Technical School in Cleveland. In this school the girls are taught Domestic Science and Art, Home Decoration, Millinery and the like.

One feature of the school is the big dining room where the girls may serve the meals which they cook.

When Miss Clark was there the girls in the sewing classes were busily engaged in making things for the Christmas Ship.

The boys are taught Manual Training, Drafting and Printing. They print all of the menus and recipes used by the girls in the cooking classes.

Never do the hair so tightly that you cannot close your mouth, as this often cultivates the harmful practice of mouth breathing.

Never refuse anything to eat no matter if it be offered to you for the forty-eleventh time.

When you go to a friend's house never take the easiest chair; it has probably been used more than the other ones and may have a broken spring.

At the meeting of the Central Ohio Teachers' Association on November sixth and seventh, Newark was well represented. Supt. Hawkins presided over the Primary Section, and Miss Allen the Latin Section. In the Principals' Section of the High School Round Table, Mr. Barnes led the discussion concerning the teacher. In the Mathematics Section Miss Jones spoke on the "Extent to Which Algebra May Be Made a Practical Study," and Mr. Gingery was one of the leaders of the discussion. Miss McCoy spoke on "What Do We Do in Our 'Office Hours' to Help Teachers? Talk or Show?" and Miss MacDonald on "Concentration Versus Distribution of Latin Classes."

The following is taken from Miss MacDonald's paper:

"Be their ambitious social, intellectual or negligible, 80 per cent. of our High School pupils enter a language course,

many are called but few reach the goal; hundreds put on the Roman armor of Pearson and D'Cloge and their peers, scores cross the bridge with Caesar, but only the very upper tandom of our Latin classes survive to walk with Aeneas the Elysian Fields."

"Some pupils are born good, some are won to goodness by moral suasion, and some pupils perforce must have goodness thrust upon them."

"Let us consider the school equation. One member, the Freshman—green, timid, bewildered, fuzzy minded. Adjectives fail but we all know him. Facing him, the Autocrat, the Arbitrator of his destinies, stern, sweet, sympathetic or satirical—bewilderingly apt to be each in turn, as the fuzzy-mindedness waxes and wanes."

If you have big ears remember little pitchers are afflicted in the same way.

If you don't get an invitation to a party, don't be angry with the hostess, remember the refreshments might have made you sick anyway.

Don't despair if you haven't a beautiful swan neck like your neighbor's, remember it has always been traitors' heads that were placed on poles.

Our Lecture Course promises to be exceptionally good this season. Two numbers have already been given and both were very much enjoyed by the audience.

On October 23, Evan Williams appeared upon our platform. Without a doubt he is the greatest singer that we have ever had on our lecture course, and perhaps the greatest we ever shall have. I am sure that everyone who heard him would gladly welcome him here again.

Our second number was given on November 13 by Margaret Stahl. She read the great play, "Everywoman." Miss Stahl's performance surpassed, if such be possible, her reading of "The Servant in the House," given here year before last.

Always be kind to such animals as mosquitos then when you make a bargain with one you won't get bitten.

Don't feel discouraged if your clothes are out of style, remember your friends' garments will be too, by this time next year.

Never cry when you hurt yourself, umbrellas suffer in silence even with broken ribs.

Miss Foos had been giving pretty long lessons to Tobias Peter, but he being a German made no complaint. One morning, however, he brought her this song:

"Wie bist du so mude und so traurig!"

Ja, ich weisz nicht, ich denk ich habe zu viel gelernt.

Chorus: Es ist wahr, es ist wahr, es ist richtig wahr.

Ein Lied von Tobias Peter erdicht.

Translated this is:

"How tired thou art and so sad!"

"Yes, I do not know, I believe I have studied too much."

Chorus: It is true, it is true, it is really true.

A song composed by Tobias Peter. These words he set to music and the German classes are all awaiting eagerly the time when he will sing his composition for them.

Never chew gum in public. It is very unwomanly, and think how the sensitive gum must feel when exposed, without even a wrapper to hide it from the vulgar stare of humanity.

Never read the notes that you find in your friend's books; they are apt to be uncomplimentary to yourself.

Always keep climbing the hill, remember any one can sit down and slide.

The Juniors have decided to give as their play, which will come some time in January, "The Prince of Liars," by Sydney Grundy. This will doubtless be a success. Mr. Parker is acting as coach.

The teachers are reading and studying a book on "Democracy's High School," written by William D. Lewis.

The question for debate this year is, "Resolved, That the Federal government

should own and operate the railroads of the United States."

Mr. Beatty attended Ohio State Summer School last summer.

We are all glad to know that Lola Lemley of the Senior class is able to be with us again.

Miss Clark attended the Cat Show at Columbus, Ohio, recently.

Sometimes I laugh at O such foolish things,

And think of it my sense of humor as;
And then ashamed, I ponder in myself
How little sense my sense of humor has.

The following is taken from a letter from Marjorie Lawhead of the class of '14, who is now in Chicago.

"I see every once in a while something in the papers about Newark High School so I thought I would write and let you all know that I haven't forgotten my Alma Mater.

"Everything is going beautifully with me up here and I am terribly enthusiastic about my course. You know the girls go in twos to cadet in the different kindergartens every morning, and I have had the good fortune of being assigned to Hull House. Can you imagine hearing those dirty, ragged, little settlement children call me 'teacher?' Very few of them speak English, so they can't call me by name, and all they can say is 'teacher, teacher'; more often 'Hey you,' or something similar. Today the attendance fell off because some of the children didn't have coats to wear.

"My director is a Miss Blair—a millionairess, who at one time was very nervous and her parents sent her east to a kindergarten training school. She became so in love with the work that for the last six years she has been giving her services to Hull House and furnishes all the supplies. I had one little peek at Miss Jane Adams yesterday and Miss Blair is going to introduce me to her at the earliest opportunity. Of course I am anxiously awaiting that event.

"I have something else to look forward to. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra is going to play every so often for the benefit of those who cannot have season tickets, so some of the girls from the Hall are going a week from Thursday night. I have always wanted to hear the Thomas

Orchestra and now I am going to have my wish.

"We girls all have so much fun here at Monnett, and by this time know each other pretty well. I was surprised to see the number of southern girls here. Florida, Georgia, Virginia, Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky are represented.

"I read the home papers from cover to cover and am always mighty interested in N. H. S. events. I almost cheered when I read that we had won from Zanesville."

Don't be overcome when some one shocks you, remember corn is always shocked before it becomes of any real use.

When you have what you consider quite a neat little sum of money, never sport it on cars or in other public places, lest you be sitting by a millionaire who would laugh at your wee horde.

When you see a group of people looking longingly at the last piece of cake, always step in and take it. Your action may save many a person from the white lie that he really doesn't care for any more.

On October 30 the Thalian Literary Society entertained the faculty and the Athenians with a Hallowe'en party in the Domestic Art Hall of the High School. The first event of the evening was a railroad journey to various points in Ohio. At each town a new topic for conversation was given out and every one changed partners. The journey was greatly enjoyed by all present.

There were next three pe nut races in which members of the faculty "extinguished" themselves, and an obstacle race run by Russel Rine.

At a late hour the guests were served sandwiches, cocoa and doughnuts.

About sixty persons, including the hostesses, were present.

On Saturday evening, November seventh, Miss Madge Lindsay entertained with a fudge party. Her guests were Louise Africa, Elenore Johnson, Orville Rawlings and Dale Warner.

Always offer to carry old ladies' packages when you see them overburdened.

Hard telling how many cookies may spill out the ends of the bundles.

Never wear showy clothes to a theater. It would be rather embarrassing to be mistaken for the leading lady arriving late and be rushed back of the scenes.

If you can't afford a feather for your hat, remember that one less ostrich will suffer from the cold this winter.

The Seniors are going to give their public rhetorical program on November 25. There will first be a quartet which has been drilled by Mr. Gingery, made up of Beatrice Stevenson, Mary Ryan, Helen Laughlin and Dorothy Montgomery. The girls will probably sing Ave Marie, which is taken from an unfinished opera by Wagner.

Immediately after this will be given "Every Student," a modern morality play in one act. The following is the cast:

Everystudent—Herschel Stephan.

Athletics—Joe Hawkins.

Good Times—Guy Bazler.

Class Mate—Dale Warner.

Bluff—Herbert Rine.

Mathematics—Wilson Irwin.

Wisdom—Robert Wilkin.

Herald—Louis Wall.

Result—Celia Bush.

Truth—Mary Franks.

Study—Ruth Hirst.

Latin—Lou Ella Hawkins.

Ambition—Lillie Boyd.

Good Sense—Mildred McCain.

Alma Mater—Catherine Davis.

Stop worrying about yourself if you are thin; it will be so much the easier to get out of tight places, and if you are fat, in all probability you will never get in one.

If you have a kick about anything, measure your dress before you make it.

Never get beauty boxes of such size that some gentleman will kindly offer to carry your "suitcase."

Never talk in a loud unladified tone, lest some one thrust several pennies in your hand and ask for the Dispatch before he notices that you are not a newsboy as he thought.



ALUMNI.

ERhodes'14.



On Tuesday, Oct. 6, at high noon the marriage of Miss Verna Harding to Mr. Carl Jones was solemnized. The ceremony was held in the Plymouth Congregational church. The marriage service was read by Rev. Halloway. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Jones left for a trip to Erie Pa., Pittsburg and Cleveland. Mrs. Jones was a graduate of the class of '11.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 22, the marriage of Miss Anne Sprague to Mr. George Upson was held in the Second Presbyterian church. Rev. Franklin read the wedding service. Mr. Upson was in the class of '07.

On Friday, Oct. 23, the marriage of Miss Genevieve Brown of Asheville, N. C., to Mr. Sherman Baggs of this city, was held. The wedding took place at the home of the bride in Asheville. Mr. Baggs was the president of the class of '06.

Miss Hazel Flemming, '12, was united in marriage to Mr. Beir of Newark, on Thursday, Oct. 29.

One of the pretty fall weddings was that of Miss Helen Smith of Cleveland, and Mr. Leo Gleichauf of Indianapolis. Mr. Gleichauf was a former resident of Newark and graduated from N. H. S. in 1909. He then attended the University of Chicago and at present is bacteriological chemist in Indianapolis.

The class of '53 was the first class to graduate from N. H. S. This class had but one member, who is now Mrs. Anna Black, and who resides at 118 E. Main street.

Miss Kate Vance, '05, who formerly taught in Newark High, is now teaching in Beaver Falls, Pa.

Mary Swingle, '11, is assistant librarian in our Public Library. Miss Swingle spent the summer at a Library Training School in Chatauqua, N. Y., preparing for her position.

We have noticed among the visitors in chapel, Fern Neighbarger, Glenna Ferguson, Louise Africa, Ethel Haynes, Anna Van Winkle, Edith Anderson, Laura Blanc, Ruth Felumlee and Katherine Sturgeon.

Elmer Schimmel, '13, is attending Ohio Wesleyan at Delaware.

Selma Haman, '13, is continuing her studies as a Sophomore at Denison.

Edith Brown, '09, is filling the position of Assistant Principal in the High School at Summit Station.

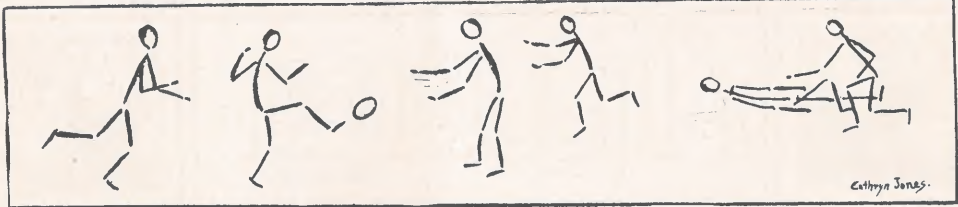
William Ingstrom, '11, holds a responsible position in the office of the Licking Light and Power Co.

Miss Carrie Zentmyer, '10, is teaching Domestic Art in the Newark Schools.

Ada Snelling, '13, is attending Ohio State University.

We notice by a recent Reveille that Mr. Tait was one of the chief speakers at a wedding. We could wish nothing better for him than that the next time he speaks at a wedding he says "I will."

The constant drop of water wears away
the hardest stone;
The constant gnawing Towser masticates
the toughest bone;
The constant coming lover carries off the
blushing maid;
The constant **advertiser** is the man who
gets the **trade**.—Ex.



**NEWARK HIGH 26;
ZANESVILLE HIGH 0**

Behold, students of Newark High School, the team has at last accomplished what we have long expected, namely a victory. Score, Zanesville High 0, Newark High 26.

On October 24th it happened. Zanesville, accompanied by at least fifty rooters and fully two teams, came to Newark fully expecting to win. But they did not.

In the first quarter the ball was kept in Zanesvilles' territory most of the time, Newark once getting the ball over but was penalized fifteen yards.

In the second quarter, Jones, near the close of the period, intercepted a forward pass and jogged up the field eighty yards for touchdown number one. Then he very nicely completed the job by kicking goal. The half ended with Newark on Zanesville's two-yard line.

With the beginning of the second half both teams played with renewed vigor. By a series of forward passes Brown carried the ball over for touchdown number two. Jones kicked goal. Near the close of the third quarter Easterday by a series of line bucking made touchdown number three. Jones failed to kick goal.

In about the middle of the last quarter Rawlings intercepted a forward pass and ran twenty yards to within two yards of Zanesville's goal. Then Young by a plunge through the line, carried the ball over. Jones failed to kick goal. This ended the scoring.

Young and Jones starred for Newark, while Captain Imlay did the best work for Zanesville.

The line-up and summary:

Newark High 26.	Zanesville High 0.
	L. E.
Goodwin	Pinkerton
	L. T.
Wall	Crowner
	L. G.
Orr	Black

C. Mazey	C.	A. Jackson
	R. G.	
T. Mazey		E. Young
	R. T.	
Hawkins		Kreager
	R. E.	
Warner		Reinhold
	Q.	
Easterday		Boyd
	L. H.	
Jones		Imlay (C.)
	R. H.	
Brown (C.)		Ramsay
	F.	
C. Young		Booth

Score by periods—

Newark	0	7	20	26
Zanesville	0	0	0	0

Touchdowns—Jones, Brown, Easterday, Young.

Goals kicked—Jones 2.

Goals failed—Jones 2.

Substitutions—

Zanesville—Zoller for Boyd, H. Jackson for E. Young, Boyd for Zoller, Manly for Young, Knoedler for Jackson, Zoller for Boyd.

Newark—Prior for Orr Rawlings for Brown, O'Hara for Goodwin, Pflieger for Warner, DeFrance for C. Mazey.

Headlinesmen—Gilmore of Newark.

Umpire—Long of Purdue (first half);

Winans of Denison (second half).

Referee—Lambert of Ohio State.

Time of quarters—12½ minutes.

Newark High 52—Gambier High 6.

In the first contest ever engaged in by Gambier High and Newark High, the former was buried under an avalanche of touchdowns. Score, Newark 52; Gambier 6.

The Gambier team resembled a bunch of grammar school students in size. However, they put up a plucky fight against overwhelming odds.

Newark was really the loser in this game as Captain Brown near the close of the second quarter had his shoulder broken. Brown's absence will be keenly felt

in the coming games with Delaware and North High.

It would be hard to say who did the best work for Newark. The playing of Substitute Tackle Mathews deserves mention. His charging and tackling was hard and sure. The team as a whole played fine against the opposition which they had. Undoubtedly Bickle was the shining light for Gambier.

The summary and line-up:

Newark 52.	L. E.	Gambier 6.
Goodwin	L. T.	Reams
Wall	L. G.	Ayers
T. Mazey	C.	Biggs
C. Mazey	R. G.	Warmon
Orr	R. T.	R. Parker
Hawkins	R. E.	Lybarger
Warner	Q.	Huffman
Easterday	R. H.	Gorsuch
Brown (C.)	L. H.	Bickle (C.)
Jones	F.	Meir
Ryan		Beck

Score by periods—

Newark	20	20	46	52
Gambier	0	0	0	6

Substitutions:

Gambier—F. Biggs for Huffman, L. Barker for Lybarger.

Newark—O'Hara for Goodwin, Young for Ryan, Rawlings for Brown, Prior for Orr, Pflieger for O'Hara, DeFrance for C. Mazey, Mathews for Wall, Emmons for Easterday.

Touchdowns—Jones 3, Brown, Easterday, Pflieger, Warner, Rawlings, Bickle. Goals from touchdowns—Jones 4.

Goals failed—Jones 4.

Headlinesman—Fundeborg of Newark.

Timekeepers—Rhodes of Denison, Purdy of Gambier.

Umpire—Orr of Newark.

Referee—Stimpson of Iowa.

Time of quarters—12½ and 10 minutes.

The Junior-Senior Scrap.

In a well played game, considering the practice which both teams had, the Jun-

iors defeated the Seniors 19 to 0, on Saturday, November 14.

On the kick-off the Juniors recovered the ball and worked it to the senior's two-yard line, where they were held for downs. The first quarter was well played, the Seniors playing on the defense most of the time.

In the second quarter by a series of end runs and line bucks, DeFrance carried the ball over. The Juniors failed to kick goal. The half ended with the ball on the Senior's three-yard line.

There was no scoring in the third quarter.

In the fourth quarter the Seniors seemed to go to pieces. Taylor and DeFrance both made touchdowns and Taylor kicked goal. This ended the scoring.

The work of Irwin with his gains through the line and the tackling of Meridith were the shining lights of the Seniors. Taylor, Bieberbach and DeFrance starred for the Juniors.

The summary and line-up:

Seniors 0.	L. E.	Juniors 19.
Aispach	L. T.	Weiant
Snelling	L. G.	Mathews
Shaw	C.	Howard
Mossman	R. G.	McKiterick
Meridith	R. T.	McLaughlin
Jefferies	R. E.	Thompson
Brubaker	Q.	Fatig
Evans (C.)	R. H.	DeFrance
Irwin	L. H.	Hendron
Blizzard	F.	Taylor
Crawmer		Bieberbach (C.)

Score by periods—

Juniors	0	6	0	13—19
Seniors	0	0	0	0—0

Substitution—Juniors: Campbell for McLaughlin.

Touchdowns—Taylor DeFrance 2.

Goals—Taylor 1.

Time of quarters—10 minutes.

Referee and umpire—Long of Purdue and Orr of Newark.

Headlinesman—Simms N. H. S.

Timer—Mr. Barnes.

Delaware High 9—Newark High 6.

In one of the cleanest and fastest games of the season Newark High was defeated by Delaware High by the score of 9 to 6. The weather conditions were ideal and the game was hard fought from the start.

Without doubt Newark would have won the game if Jones had not been injured and forced to retire from the game. With Jones out of the game, and the wonderful playing of Callender, was too much for Newark.

In the second quarter Warner recovered a punt and then by a series of forward passes and line bucking Easterday carried the ball over. Jones failed to kick goal. The half ended with the ball in the middle of the field.

In the third quarter Delaware steadily carried the ball to Newark's five-yard line and a forward pass from Callender to Reid made Delaware her touchdown. Fees failed to kick goal.

In the fourth quarter Delaware by forward passes and end runs carried the ball to Newark's twenty-five yard line, where Thompson drop-kicked the ball over. This ended the scoring.

The line-up and summary:

Newark High 6.		Delaware High 9.	
	L. E.		
Goodwin	Reid	
	L. T.		
Hawkins	Main (C.)	
	L. G.		
Orr	A. Long	
	C.		
C. Mazey	Fegley	
	R. G.		
T. Mazey	Thompson	
	R. T.		
Wall	Leibenderfer	
	R. E.		
Warner	Brown	
	Q.		
Easterday (C.)	Williams	
	R. H.		
Rawlings	Meyer	
	L. H.		
Jones	Fees	
	F.		
Young	E. Long	

Score by periods—

Newark	0	6	0	0
Delaware	0	0	6	9

Substitutions:

Newark—Pfleiger for Warner; Warner for Jones.

Delaware—Callender for Williams; Jones for Leibenderfer.

Touchdowns—Jones, Reid.

Goals failed—Fees, Jones.

Goal from field—Thompson.

Referee and umpire (alternating—Hyer of Ohio Wesleyan and Rocky of Ohio Wesleyan.

Headlinesman—Davis of Notre Dame.

Timers—Wall of Newark, Jones of Delaware.

Time of quarters—12½ and 15 minutes.

North High 41—Newark High 0.

On Saturday, November 14, Newark High received another walloping, this time from North High to the tune of 41 to 0.

The features of the game was the fumbling of Newark and the forward passing of North. Newark did not seem to have any confidence and played with little "pep."

The line-up and summary:

North High 41.		Newark 0.	
	L. E.		
Twitchell	Goodwin	
	L. T.		
Skimming	Hawkins	
	L. G.		
Mankey	Orr	
	C.		
Krieger	C. Mazey	
	R. G.		
Yontz	T. Mazey	
	R. T.		
Derr	Wall	
	R. E.		
McDonald	Warner	
	Q.		
Craig	Easterday (C.)	
	L. H.		
Rhodes (C.)	Ryan	
	R. H.		
Rife	Rawlings	
	F.		
Turner	Young	

Substitutions:

North High—Mitchell for Trutchell, Woodruff for Skimming, Depietro for Yontz, Wherle for DePietro, Church for Wherle, Kline for Derr, Francis for Craig, Peppe for Francis, Rifer for Rhodes, Hamilton for Rife, Wiper for Hamilton, Addison for Turner.

Newark High—Pfleiger for Goodwin, Prior for Wall, Allen for Warner, Warner for Ryan.

Touchdowns—McDonald 2, Turner, Rife, Craig, Hamilton.

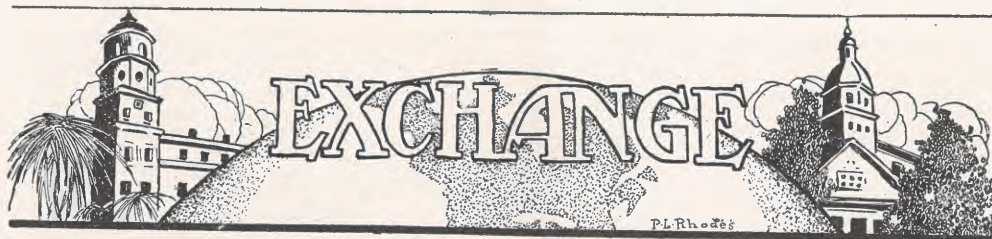
Goals for touchdowns—Craig 5.

Referee—Hyer of Ohio Wesleyan.

Umpire—Richardson of Bucknell.

Headlinesman—White of Wooster.

Time of quarters—12 and 10 minutes.



Exchanges have been coming to our desk daily in the last three weeks, full of football, basketball and school news; and best of all, full of school spirit. It seems as though this school year opened with a bang everywhere which is a help to the school paper as well as the student. The papers are all good and full of spirit and are interesting to the readers as well as the editors. We have the following issues to report for this issue:

The Advance, Hiram College.
 The Acropolis, Barringer High, Newark, N. J.
 The Aerial, Logan, Ohio.
 Comus, Zanesville.
 Canton Hi Monthly, Canton, Ohio.
 Denisonian, Granville, Ohio.
 The Dart, Ashtabula, Ohio.
 Forum, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
 Green and White, Athens, Ohio.
 Garnet and White, Westchester, Pa.
 High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
 Hicrier, Niles, Ohio.
 Kewanee Tiger, Kewanee, Ill.
 Ohio State Lantern, Columbus, Ohio.
 Pivot, Newark, N. J.
 Rail Splitter, Lincoln, Ill.
 Rayen Record, Youngstown, Ohio.
 Retina, Toledo, Ohio.
 Schucis, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Scarlet and Gray, Nelsonville, Ohio.
 Student, Covington, Ky.
 Transcript, Delaware, Ohio.
 Tiger, San Francisco, Cal.
 Weekly Review, Hamilton, Ohio.
 Wittenberger, Springfield, Ohio.
 X Rays, Columbus, Ohio.
 The Fram, Sandusky, Ohio.
 Crescent, Lakeland, Fla.
 Cadet Days, St. Johns, Mi. S., Delafield, Wis.

The Fram, Sandusky, Ohio; The Crescent, Lakeland, Fla., and The Cadet Days, St. Johns Military Institute, Delafield, Wis., are new additions to our list and greatly appreciated. Come again.

The Tiger: Your paper is certainly excellent.

The Scarlet and Gray: Your cuts are fine.

Cadet Days: Your paper is our only military school paper and we are deeply interested in it.

Student, Covington, Ky.: Your athletic coach was a former Newark High star and we are therefore interested in your paper.

The Dart: Your paper is excellent for its size.

WHAT OTHERS LAUGH AT.

Jack—Where is the umbrella I loaned you?

Dick—I loaned it to a friend.

Jack—Well, the fellow I borrowed it from says the man who owns it wants it back.—Ex.

Conductor, which end of the car do I get off?

Either end, Madam; both ends stop.

Teacher (to a Freshman scholar)—What are the three most common words used by Freshmen?

Freshie—I don't know.

Teacher—Correct; sit down.—Ex.

Abb—They say an apple a day will keep the doctor away.

She—Why stop there? An onion a day will keep everybody away.—Ex.

He—Do you mind if I smoke, dear?

She—Oh yes, papa would put you out if you should smoke.

He—He would, eh; well the lamp's smoking. (Use your imagination).—Ex.

Definition for a boarding house strawberry shortcake.

A circular solid, every point in whose perimeter is equidistant from the strawberry.—Ex.

They had met be-4.

But what had she 2-care.

She loved him 10-derly.

For he was a 1,000,000-aire.—Ex.



LOCALS

SENIOR.

We all know how nobly Russel Rine helped out during the Lecture Course reservation. While thus employed the following conversation ensued:

Russel R.: "Hurry up there and get in line."

Wise Guy: "Oh go on, Rine, Rome wasn't made in a day."

Russel: "That may be very true but I didn't happen to be foreman of that job."

"Your shaving powder is no good," said Herschel Stephan to the druggist, "I put some on my face last night, and my whiskers are longer than ever."

She—"What is the most likely to get broken about your machine?"

Dale W.—"The owner."

Leland S. at a football game this year—"Look at them over there in all that mud. How will they ever get their suits clean?"

Harry L.—"Dumb old boy! What do you suppose the scrub team is for?"

Mr. G.—"Why is the surface of water concave?"

Josephine L.—"Why, water is wet."

Johnny—"Father, what can I draw?"

Father (not interested in son's amusement with drawing pictures)—"Just draw your breath, sonny."

Miss T.—"What is the matter with Ruth P. that she isn't in school?"

Ruth Robinson—"She is quarantined."

Kathryn D.—"I am guaranteed; I can't come either."

Mr. G.—"Raymond, in what class of levers would you put sugar tongs?"

Raymond—"I don't know." (He was then softly heard to say to his neighbor)—"What are sugar tongs?"

Mr. T. (in civics)—"What large class of citizens are excluded from voting?"

Josephine L.—"Men under 21."

Grace K. (in modern History)—"It was called the Babylonian Captivity because there had been a captivity in the Bible for the same length of time."

Miss W. to Darrel W. (correcting his essay on rhetorical)—"Darrel, you have omitted two of the greatest men—Nepoleon and Caesar."

Frederick M. (overhearing) said—"Don't leave out Governor Cox, Darrel."

Mr. T.—"What are the legislative powers of the governor?"

Bill A. (who had been dreaming)—"Yes, I think so."

Mr. T. (one Monday morning)—"Why isn't Mae here today?"

A Pupil—"Oh, Fred came home this week."

A student looking down at the pencil sharpenings on the floor remarked: "Who has been shaving here?"

Mr. T.—"Who settled the colony in Providence?"

Olive—"William Rogers." One will notice that it is impossible for Olive to put the name of William last.

Mr. T. to Grace K.—"Well, then, you

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will vote for my bill and I will vote for yours and you'll scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. Is that it?"

Mr. G.—"At your special request, Richard, we made this stand for something. What was it?"

Richard S.—"Nothing."

Richard S. (translating German)—"All is ready. Now go it loose."

In German Class.

Lehrer—"Na Harry! Hast du die stunde gelernt?"

Harry—"Ich habe das Haar schon geburstet."

Leher—"Mary; Hast du die Zahne geputzt?"

Mary—"Nein, ich habe die Westi und den Rock angezogen."

JUNIOR LOCALS.

Miss L.—"Ralph, recite the passage in which Macbeth gives so many invocations to 'sleep.'"

Ralph Mossman—"The innocent sleep, sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of

care,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second 'bath.'"

Grace K. (Modern History)—"The King of Spain married his two daughters."

Extract from Della C.'s theme:

"I write requesting the privilege of gathering botanical specimens for Mr. Moniger's botany class in Olentangy Park."

Miss Mc—"Elizabeth, you shouldn't make faces at your teachers."

Elizabeth C.—"I wasn't making faces, that's the way I look when I laugh."

Freshman Boy (not knowing what Domestic Science was)—"Say, do I have to take Domestic Science?"

Junior Girl—"No, not unless you intend to be a bachelor."

Bud P. (Geometry)—"I did not understand what he 'got to saying.'"

Iola H.—"The actors, in an ancient Greek theater, raised up from the ground."

Miss F. (expounding German customs) —“The German girls are always chaperoned.”

Edward P.—“Are the chaperons there when the fellow proposes?”

Mr. T.—“Grace, what became of Pope Boniface?”

Grace K.—“I forgot whether he was killed or whether he died.”

Mr. T.—“The emperor ‘keeped’ his promise.”

Mr. S.—“You know, sometimes people put potatoes in the oven intending to bake them and let them burn.”

Edward P.—“Miss Foos, do the Germans have Sunday every seven days? I know some of those old countries don’t ever have a Sunday.”

Miss F.—“The parents of the young people in Germany arrange the marriages.”

Lela D.—“Do the German girls know when they are engaged?”

Edward P. (after Miss Foos had given the names of famous composers)—“Miss Foos, do they have pianos in Germany?”

Robert S.—“There’s been something trembling on my lips for months and months.”

Elizabeth C.—“Yes, I see, why don’t you shave them off?”

Forrest Keckley clerked in a grocery store this summer. One morning a new customer dropped in and inquired: “What have you in the way of cucumbers?”

“Nothing but bananas,” grinned Forrest.

Sunday School Teacher—“Lee, do you know where boys go when they smoke?”

Lee Williams—“Yes, to the pool room.”

Forrest K.—“I am trying to raise a mustache and I’m wondering what color it will be.”

Helen R.—“Gray, I should think, at the rate it is growing.”

Mr. T.—“Edward, do you know anything about tobacco?”

Bud P.—“Search me.”

Wanted to know—

Why Gladys D. doesn’t practice what she preaches.

Why Algebra is so unpopular with Miss T.’s Sixth Period English class.

(Probably “exponents” have something to do with it).

For the benefit of the new students:

A class room is a place to spend the time between bells. The ringing of the bell is provided to awaken the students and let them know that it is time to move on.

Chapel is a place to talk to your neighbors and smile at any member of the faculty that may look your way.

The floor in the lower hall is made to walk on instead of sliding as some Freshmen seem to think.

The right side of the hall is perfectly harmless and so you may use it without fear.

Mr. M.—“Olive, what is a straight angle?”

Olive H.—“Twice a right angle.”

Mr. M.—“Well, what is a right angle?”

Olive H.—“One-half of a straight angle.”

(The philosophy of some Juniors rivals that of Socrates).

Mr. T.—“I could go out on an island and blow myself up with gunpowder, couldn’t I, Frank?”

Frank G.—“Yes, and I’ll furnish the gunpowder.”

Mr. D.—“Dewey, what is a naval store?”

Dewey S.—“A place where you buy firecrackers.”

Miss L. (to class)—“I want everybody in the class to write a theme on the making of ice cream.”

Carlisle C.—“What flavor do you want it?”

Miss L. (In English class)—“How many of you heard the reading the other night ‘Everyman?’”

SOPHOMORE LOCALS.

Mr. B.—“What is Hellas?”

Soph.—“The place where the bad Greeks go.”

Mr. P.—“Are there any questions? I want your hands.”

Miss L.—“Do you think we need to

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know whether the spectator was married or not?"

Woolson D.—"Yes, so we can sympathize with him."

Letha W. (in Ancient History)—"The Achaeans were tall with blue hair and yellow eyes."

Letitia L.—"What's the matter with Paul M.?"

Mabel J.—"He's turned an anarchist."
Letitia—"How's that?"

Mabel J.—"He says he won't support a government that willfully sends ships to Europe to bring home stranded school teachers."

Miss A.—"What did the Grecian people raise?"

John F.—"They raised wine and oil."

Mr. D.—"Raymond, where are the Hawaiian Islands?"

Raymond G.—"South-east of California."

Mr. D.—"First time I knew there were islands on land."

Miss A.—"The ancient Greeks knew the world was round."

Woolson D.—"No wonder, there was Christopher Columbus."

Mr. D.—"Why is the entrance to San Francisco Bay called the Golden Gate?"

Merle M.—"Because the sun sets on the gate."

Margaret P.—"The tyrants sat upon unstable thorns."

Mr. D.—"It wasn't quite that bad, Margaret."

Miss P.—"What is the first thing you do to Add fractions?"

Soph.—"Adam."

Wanted to know—

What happens to Faye N's tablets.

Who the new teacher is in Sixth Period Ancient History class.

Albert sleeping very soundly in English when Garrett recites.

Miss M.—"Not so loud Garrett, you will wake the baby."

Miss F.—"John, what is 'get out.'"

John B.—"Raus mit 'em."

Freshmen Beware!

When the Juniors try to cut your hair,
Don't hit them with a rock,
Just laugh and say, "I do not care,"
For they're sure to shave your crop.

Miss L.—"Esther Mary, describe the features of Rebecca."

Esther Mary H.—"She had dark piercing eyes and Oh! some kind of a nose."

Miss J.—"Who was to correct Mary's work?—Oh! I remember, nobody; I was to do it!"

FRESHMAN LOCALS.

Miss P. (to boy who had forgotten his notebook)—"Charley, where would you be if this was the day on which I collected the notebooks?"

Charles M.—"I don't know where I'd be, but my notebook would be home."

Mr. B. (Physical Geo.)—"Now, do you understand this?"

Ernest C.—"Yeah."

Mr. B.—"How do you spell that?"

We wonder—

If Camille K. and Thelma M. know how to spell "absurd."

If any freshmen went to room 15—
Thursday, 6th Period.

Miss J. (Algebra class)—"Do you have to mention letters?"

Wendell P.—"But I worked it that way."

Miss J.—"Any chump would know that."

Miss C.—"Cornelia, you may swat the flies."

Cornelia E.—"Where is the 'swy flatter?"

Miss C.—"Olive, define patrolling."

Olive—"It's a natural gas that comes from the earth."

Miss C.—"Can you give the name of the author, Oscar?"

Oscar—"The New York Tribune."

Extract from English paper—

Principal parts of verb drown: drown; drown; betide, betid, betidden.

Teacher—What are the children of the Czar called?

Pupil—Czardines.



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